

be no more, until he come whose right it is ; and I will give it him."

4. In the Shepherd chapter, Ez. 34: 23, 24, the prophet brings out the fact that the Messiah shall be of the line of David. "And I will set up one shepherd over them, even my servant David ; he shall feed them and he shall be their shepherd. And I the Lord, will be their God, and my servant David, a prince among them : I the Lord have spoken it."

5. Under the different figure of a king the prophet sets forth the coming One in Ez. 37: 24, 25. "And David my servant shall be king over them, and they all shall have one shepherd ; they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes and do them, * * * and my servant David shall be their prince forever."

d. Thus, we see, while Ezekiel does not portray the Messiah with the distinctness of his earlier contemporaries Isaiah and Jeremiah, yet he sets forth his characteristics in a way which Jesus was pleased to fulfill. Compare John 10: 16 with Ez. 37: 24, also Luke 1: 24.

e. In the midst of Israel's deepest sorrow and darkest hour of her history the prophet held forth the bright hope of One who would save them.

J. L. GILLIN.

HOLINESS THE GOAL

Nothing is more in danger of slipping from us, says "The Lutheran," than the Scriptural notion of a holy life. Our "modern" ideas concerning Christian character all run in the direction of goodishness rather than holiness—of doing something rather than of being something. Christ went about doing good, and everywhere men are being called upon to follow His example : but does it occur to us that following Christ involves likeness to Him in our faith and thought, and taste, and spirit? How can any one follow Christ who is not like Him in these respects? Is it the whole of the Christian life that we should engage in certain kinds of benevolent activity, which, at best, resemble that of the Savior in its external accidents rather than in its underlying principles and motives?

Now, the truth is that no man can do a lasting good without first being good. There must be within the soul itself that heavenly well of water, of which the Savior speaks, before it can water others. There must be a receiving first before there can be any real giving. The Christian must not hang like a broken limb alongside of the Tree, receiving nourishment and yielding little fruit ; he must have direct and full connection with that life-giving Tree, if he would truly live himself and be a blessing to others.

We are not merely to imitate Christ, or simply to follow him ; we are to be like Him. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Christianity is always in danger of becoming purely an imitation. Such was the Pharisaism of ancient times, and such is the legalism of modern times. There is too much religious life and activity and conduct that grows very

luxuriantly, like wild shrubbery, but does not produce fruit at all proportion to the luxuriance displayed.

Our church societies exert themselves most zealously the greater part of the year ; but at the close what fruits can they show beyond the raising of a few hundred dollars? and that at the expense of more consecrated activity. The hungry have not been fed, the naked have not been clothed, the sick have not been visited, the sorrowing have not been comforted, and the poor have not had the gospel preached to them. There was activity, but only such as is displayed by men who lay no claim to being the children of God, and who sustain no vital relation to that life which is hid with Christ in God.

Christians have a confession to make, and they should make it in all honesty, and candor ; it is that there is too little striving after holiness. The inner struggles of the soul with sin, the chidings of conscience, and the longings after heavenly peace, do not seem near as deep and strong as they once were. Our Christianity is spreading out more, but at the expense of depth. The channel has broadened, but it has also become shallow. The sense of guilt, the horror of sin, the panting of the soul after God, the constant pressing towards the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, are not the things which form the undercurrent of modern Christianity half as much as they should ; yet they are its very heart and soul.

Purity

Thomas Guthrie, D. D.

Go with me on a winter's night into one of the worse quarters of London. Threading streets that here blaze with the gas and glare of lowest drinking shops, and now dark and dismal, are the walk of prostitutes and the haunts of robbers, we reach a large, dingy building. Ascending by a trap-stair to a spacious loft, we find ourself in the strangest scene of human woe and wickedness you could look on. It is a night refuge for homeless women—for the friendless, those who, thrown out like faded flowers to be trodden on in the streets, are sunk into dark depths of loathsomeness and degradation. The hour is late, and tho a few lingered by the stove, the most, glad to stretch their weary limbs, had lain down on the pallets that, spread on the floor, were ranged along the bare walls. Every head was raised and all eyes turned on us as we entered. And what looks they had! Here vice stared with her unblushing front. Some had the look of fiends ; treachery, brutal cruelty, falsehood, wrongs, and neglect having turned whatever kindness had once been in the heart into gall and wormwood ; and now hatred both of God and man shot forth in their scowling looks. Others wore an expression of most touching sadness ; one reclined with her back to the naked wall, gasping for breath and dying of a racking cough ; while another sat upright in a corner, a living form of death. The tide of night had floated in this wrack for the sake of a meal, a fire, the humblest

of couches, and a roof to cover heads that otherwise had lain on the cold flags or been pillowed on a doorstep.

In the center of this scene, just risen from her knees, beside a table where the Bible still lay open, from whose pages, accompanied by prayer, she had been reading words of hope and peace to these wretched outcasts, stood a woman—I might say an angel. Leaving father, mother, brother, sister, pure associations, and a sweet home, to breathe this foul atmosphere and take those forlorn creatures to her arms, she had become mother, nurse, comforter, physician, savior, guardian of those from whom all others shrank as the filth and offscouring of the earth. When Carey and his associates contemplated a mission to the heathen he, on condition that they would raise the means at home, volunteered to go abroad, boldly saying, "If you will hold the rope I will go down into the pit." Never had we seen this graphic speech so nobly illustrated. I stood rebuked in the presence of this noble woman. Pure, virtuous, and delicate, what a sacrifice had she made for perishing souls! It was one for angels to sing, and for Christ Himself to reward with, "Sister of mine, well done!" More than any sight I ever saw, it reminded me of Him who left His Father's bosom and the honors paid by angels, to become the associate and be called the Friend of sinners, to save us by His blood, and teach us by His example how to labor for the world's good and keep ourselves unspotted from the evil.

Our Bible School

SHORT SERMONS

Text: "And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." 1 Kings 20: 40.

Ahab had let Ben-hadad go, a man whom the Lord had devoted to utter destruction. The disguised prophet makes the disobedient pronounce his own sentence, the forfeit of his life and his kingdom.

It is a lesson of lost opportunities. "Thy servant," which means you and I, "was busy here and there," which means that we have so many important cares of the world, of business, of pleasure, that we totally neglect such small matters as the salvation of our souls. The sons of men, how wise they are.

Providence has committed to our care our personal salvation, the salvation of our neighbors, the religious education of our children, the opportunities of benevolence and helpfulness. There is but a limited time ; life is short ; "the night cometh when no man can work." Yes, "there is plenty of time," to be lost. But our attention and activities are skillfully drawn off into other channels. We are increasingly "busy here and there." Wheat, corn, oats, cattle, dry goods and groceries, take all our thought and time. Mornings we are too busy to pray. Nights we are too tired and sleepy to read God's Word. Sundays furnish quiet and leisure to plan for the following week. Busy, busy, busy ; yes, eternity and judgment are coming and we are busy with soap